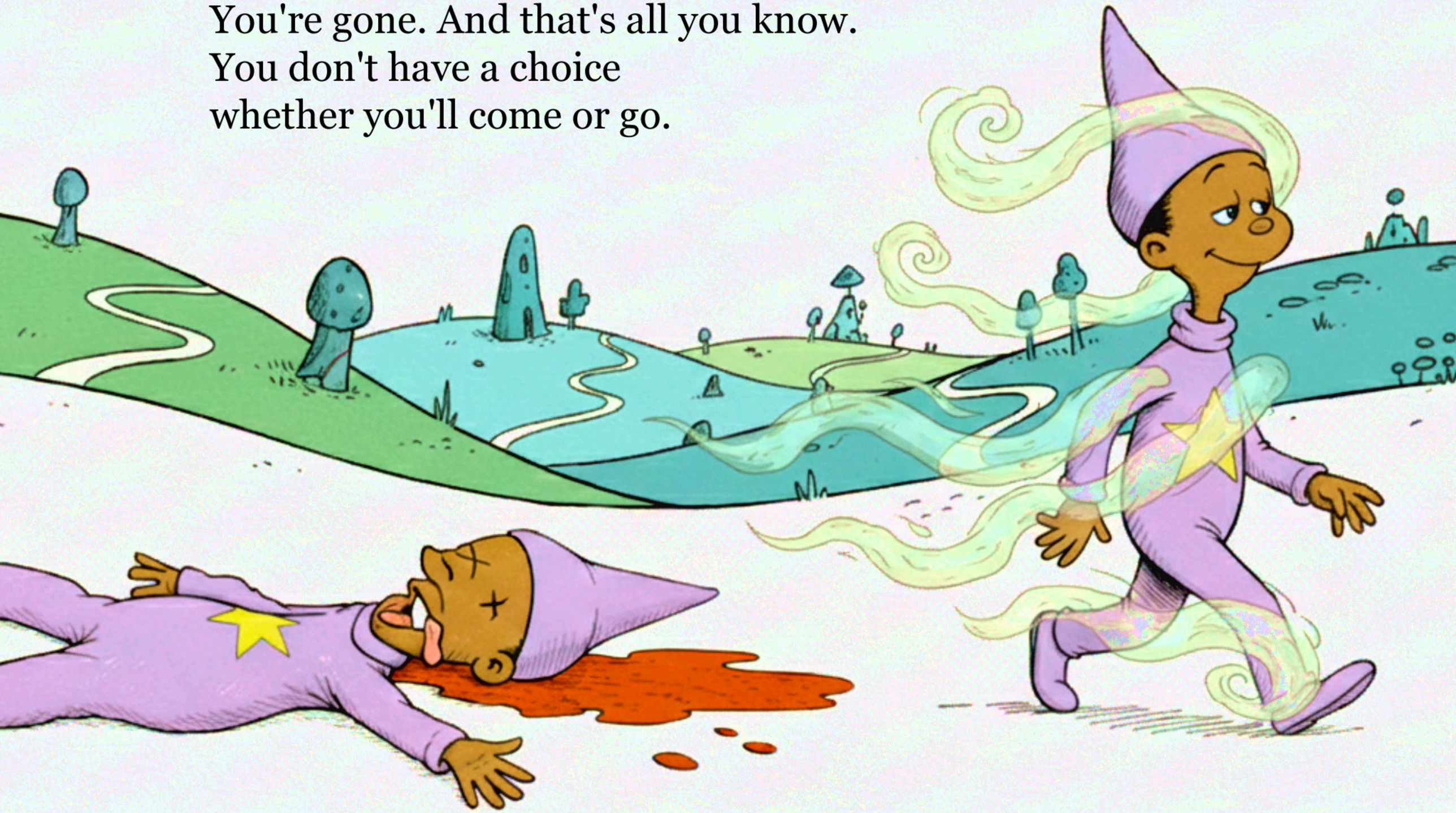
Oh, the People You'll Be!

By Dr. Adam Savage

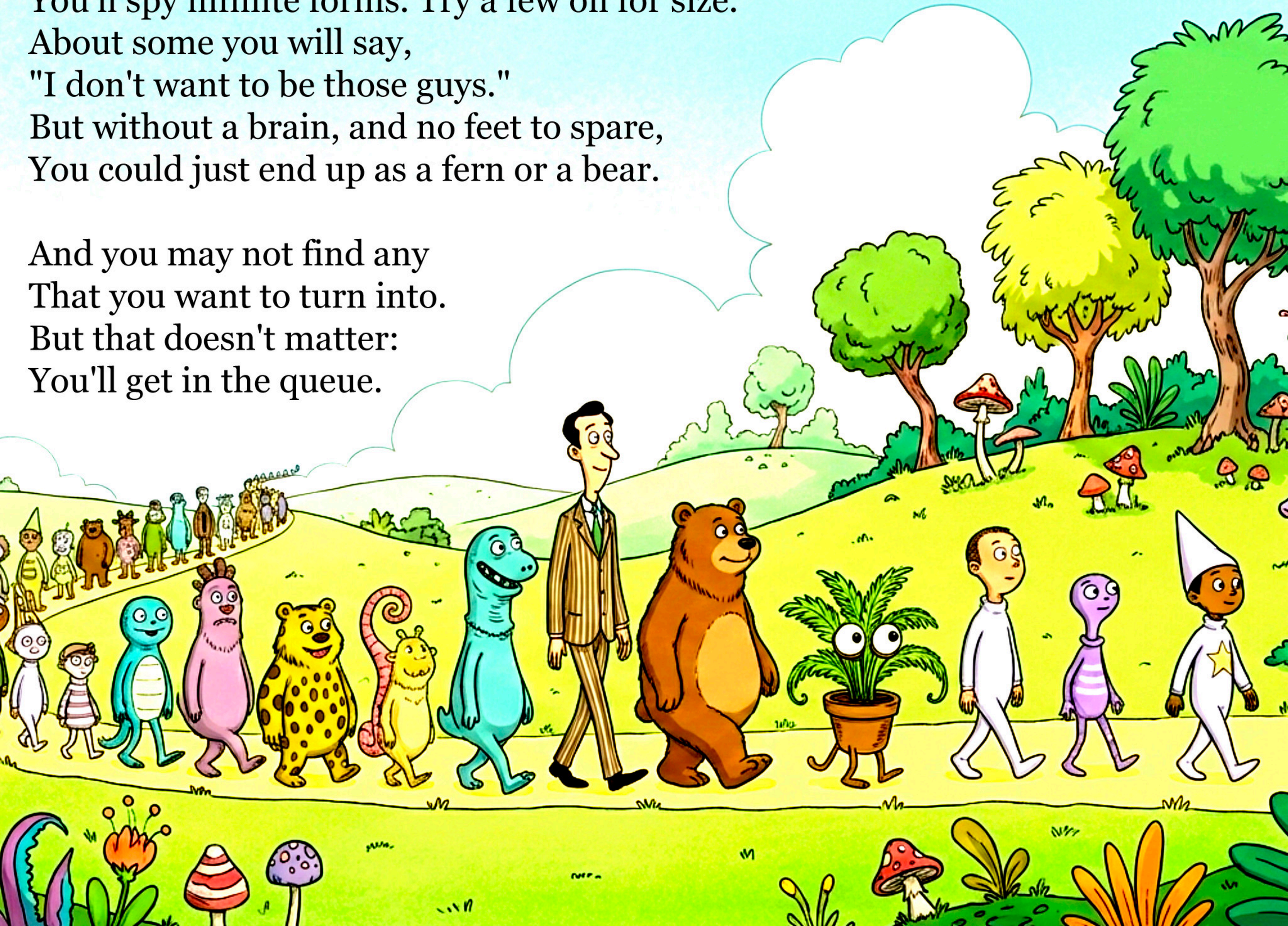
Congratulations!
Today you are dead.
You're dead!
You're dead!

Your brain has decayed.
Your feet are now gone.
Why, without a body,
You can be anyone!
You're gone. And that's all you know.
You don't have a choice
whether you'll come or go.



You'll spy infinite forms. Try a few on for size.
About some you will say,
"I don't want to be those guys."
But without a brain, and no feet to spare,
You could just end up as a fern or a bear.

And you may not find any
That you want to turn into.
But that doesn't matter:
You'll get in the queue.



With all kinds of forms there,
I'm sure you'll find a spare.

With a body to wear
Like a suit of new clothes,
You'll have some adventures,
You'll make some new foes.

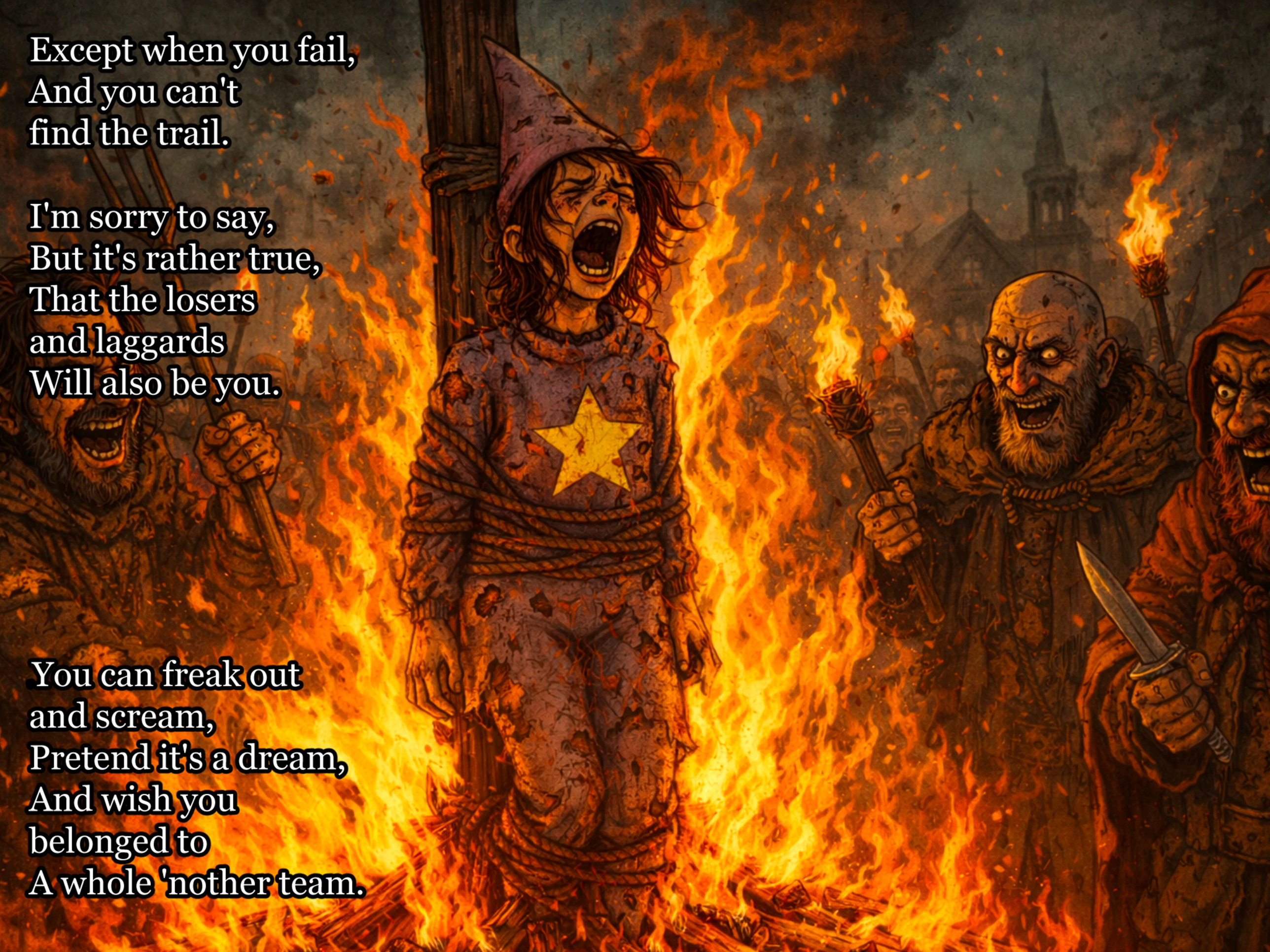
And all that you see
And all that you do
Will help you believe
That you're really you.

OH!
THE PEOPLE YOU'LL BE!

You'll be on your way,
You'll get really high,
So high, in fact,
That you'll think you won't die.

You'll destroy the others,
because you are strong.
You'll have so much power,
they'll put you in song.

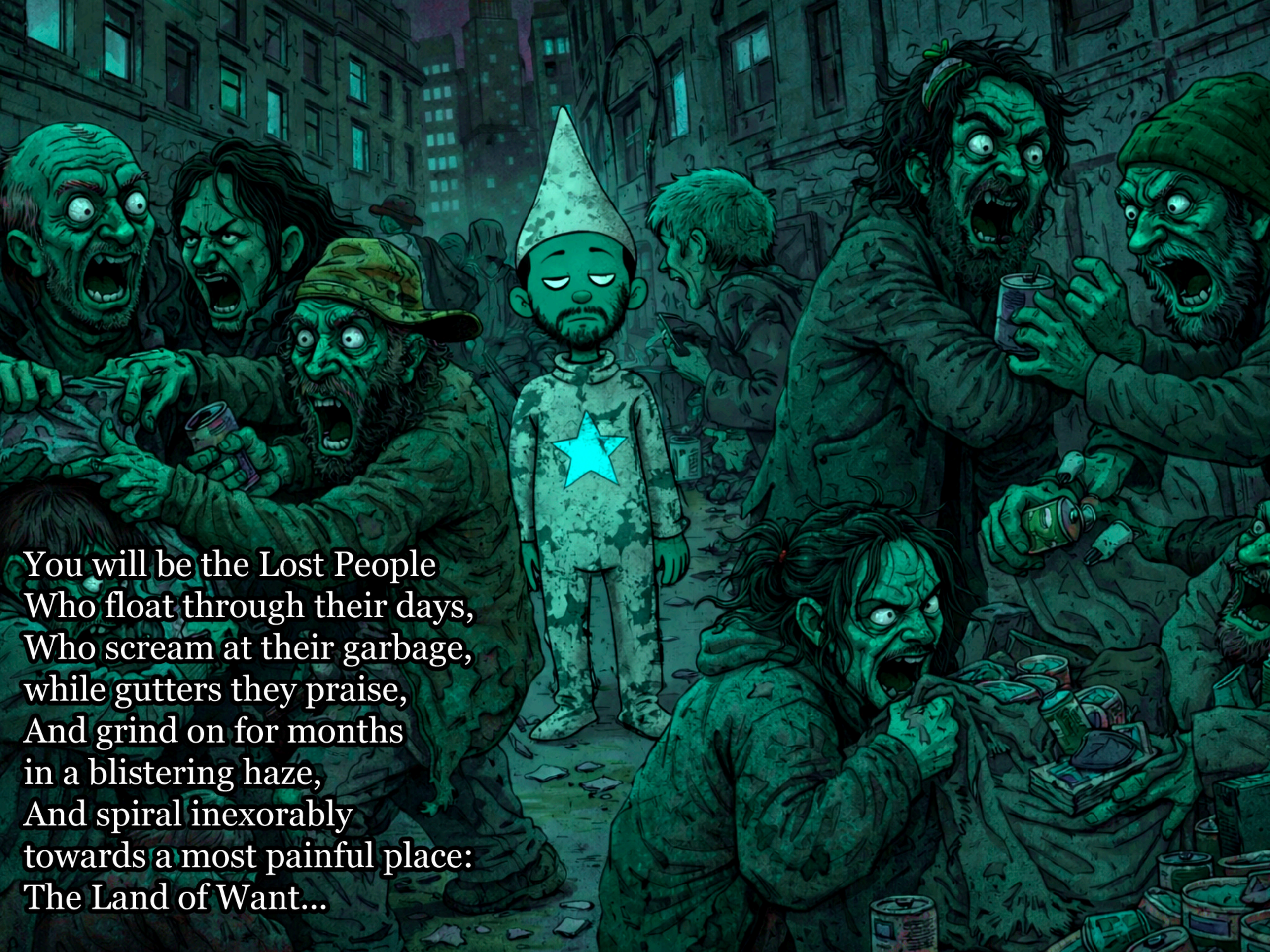
Whatever you do,
you'll do it the best.
No matter what happens,
you'll leave them impressed.


Except when you fail,
And you can't
find the trail.
I'm sorry to say,
But it's rather true,
That the losers
and laggards
Will also be you.
You can freak out
and scream,
Pretend it's a dream,
And wish you
belonged to
A whole 'nother team.

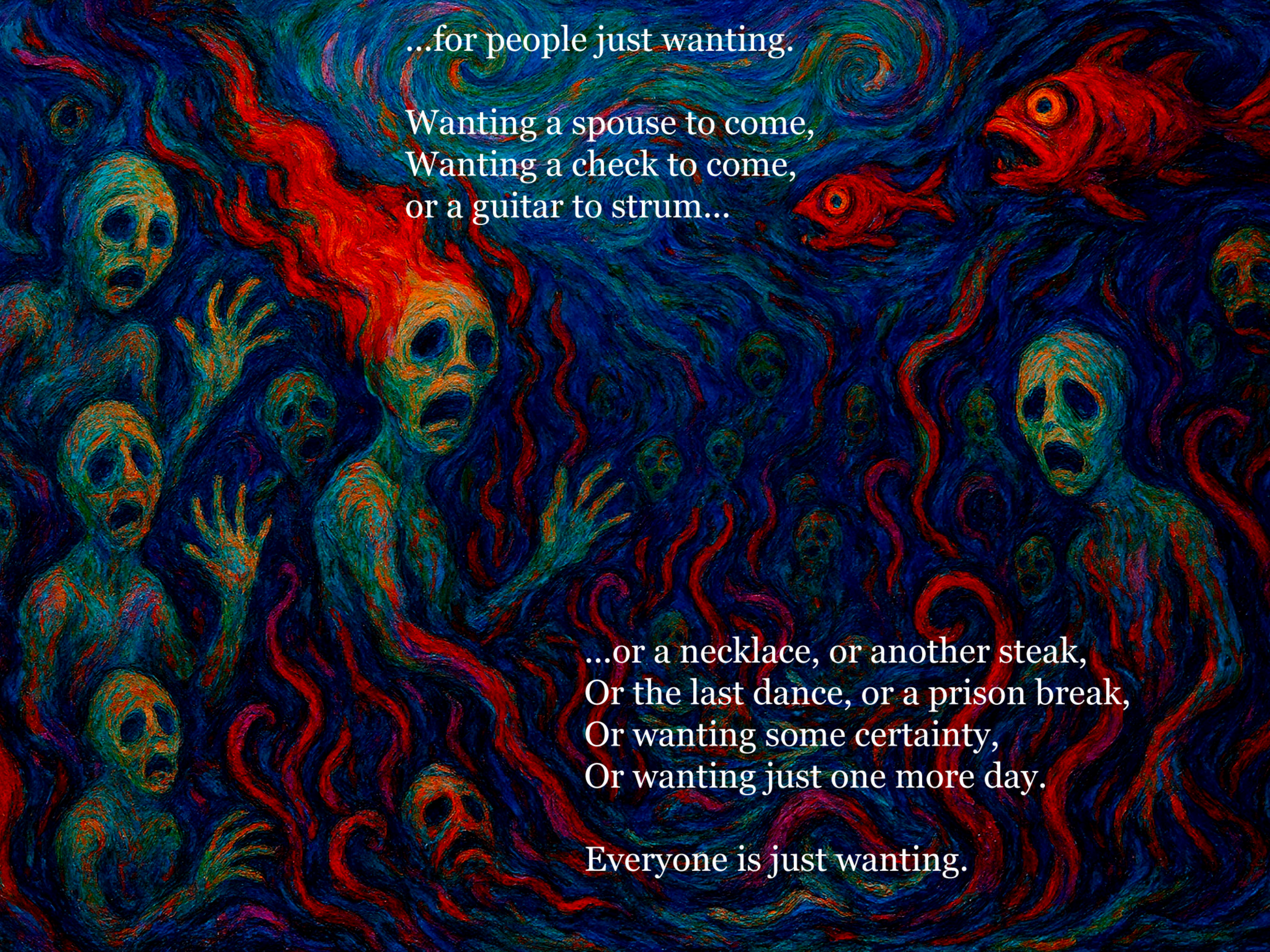
You'll crash like a jet
On a September morn,
And pick up some crabs
While making your porn.
And when you get tortured
As a slave in a cage,
Just hope in the next life
You're a bacteriophage.

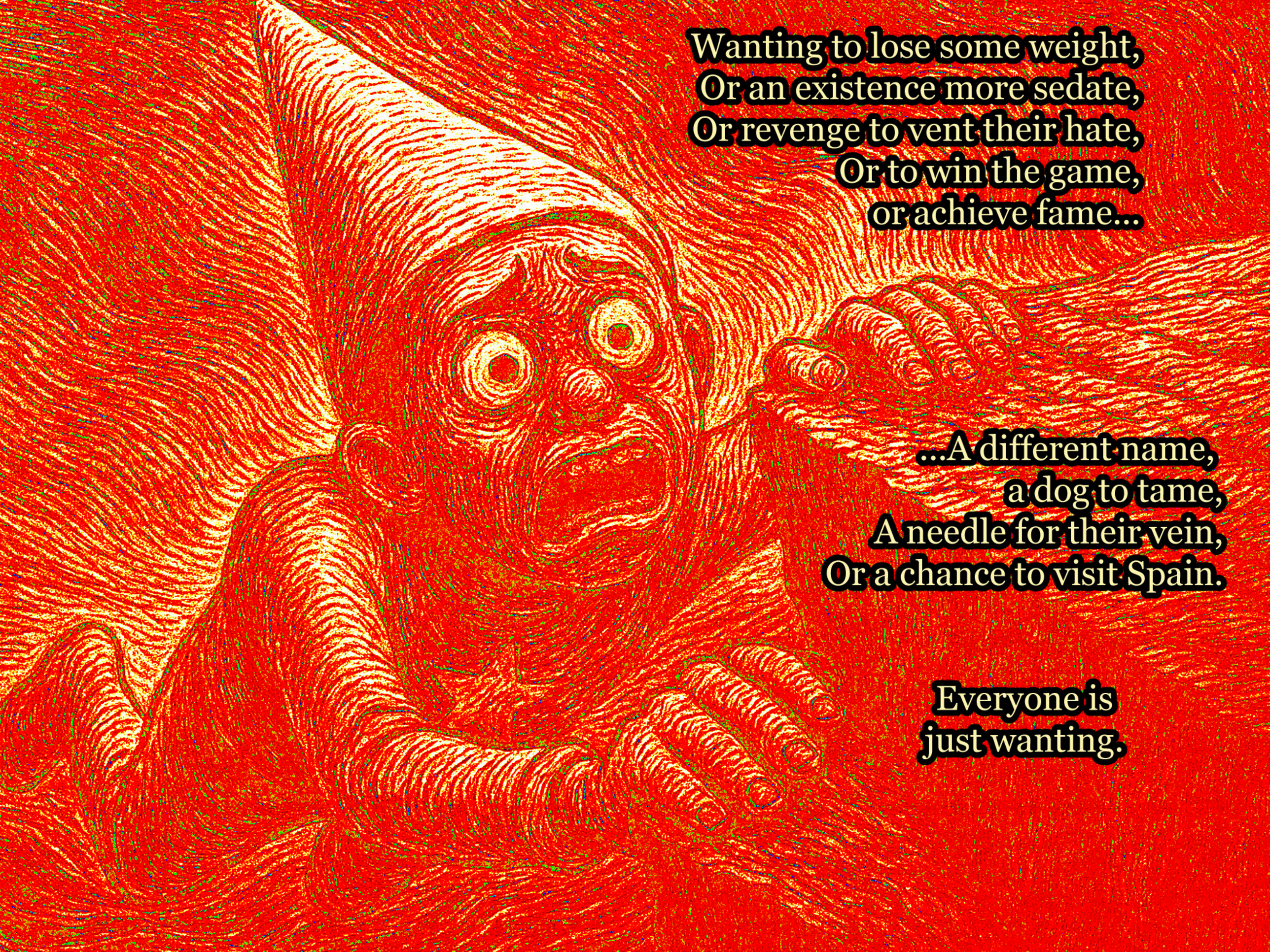
You'll become some creatures
that you don't understand,
Whose souls are like needles,
whose minds are like sand,
Some creatures with features
that make your skin woozy,
With eyes made of diamonds
and lips oh so schmoozy.
Does your heart
go pitter-patter?
It's quite a doozy.
Do you dare to step
into their
cosmic jacuzzi?

And IF you go in,
will your mind go away?
Or only three-quarters
while one-quarter stays?
And when you are mirrored
will you still be *you*,
As your shadow's ripped from you
and thrown in their zoo,
Awaiting its place
in their sepulchral stew?



You will be the Lost People
Who float through their days,
Who scream at their garbage,
while gutters they praise,
And grind on for months
in a blistering haze,
And spiral inexorably
towards a most painful place:
The Land of Want...

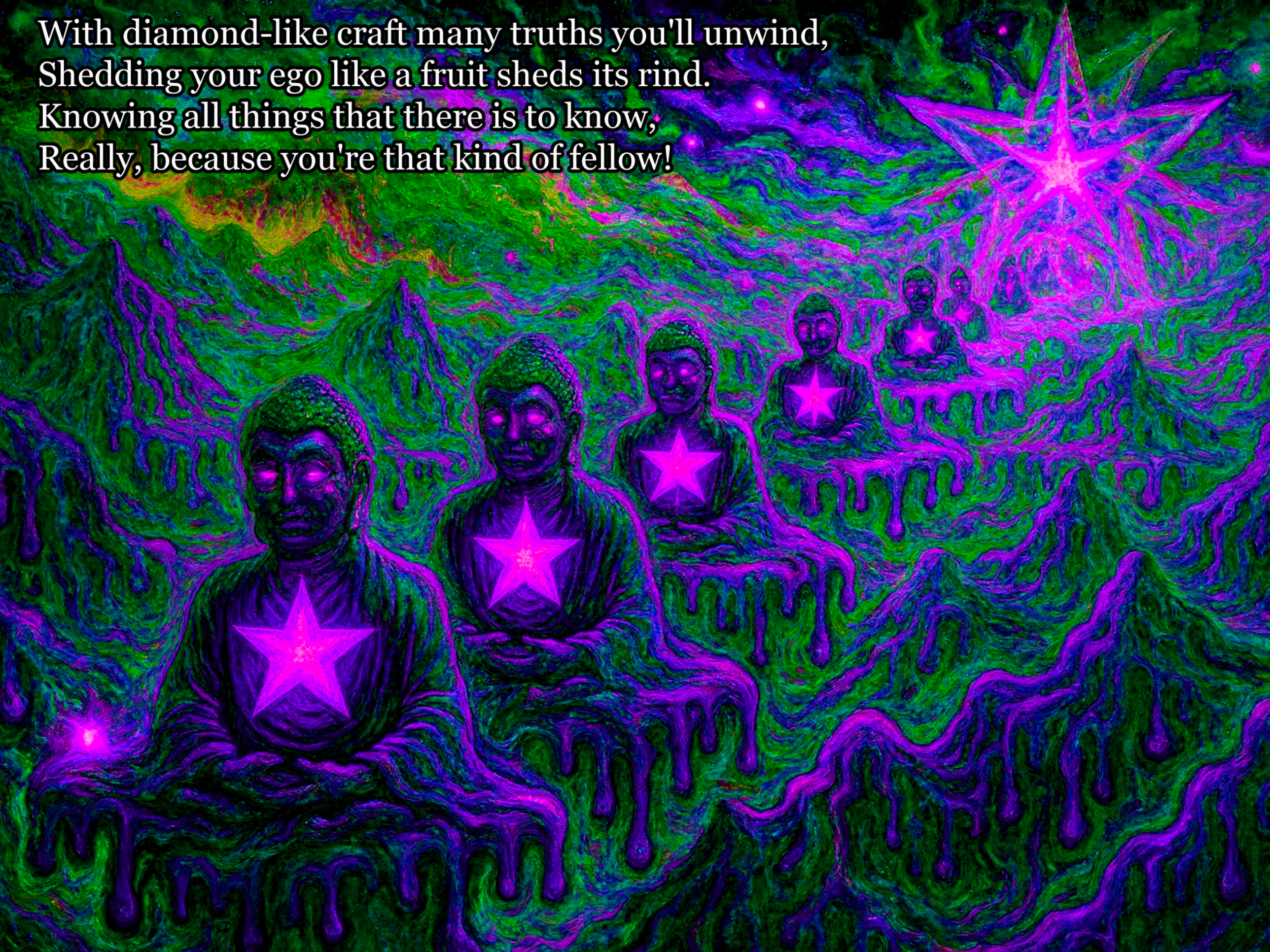

...for people just wanting.
Wanting a spouse to come,
Wanting a check to come,
or a guitar to strum...
...or a necklace, or another steak,
Or the last dance, or a prison break,
Or wanting some certainty,
Or wanting just one more day.
Everyone is just wanting.


Wanting to lose some weight,
Or an existence more sedate,
Or revenge to vent their hate,
Or to win the game,
or achieve fame...
...A different name,
a dog to tame,
A needle for their vein,
Or a chance to visit Spain.
Everyone is
just wanting.

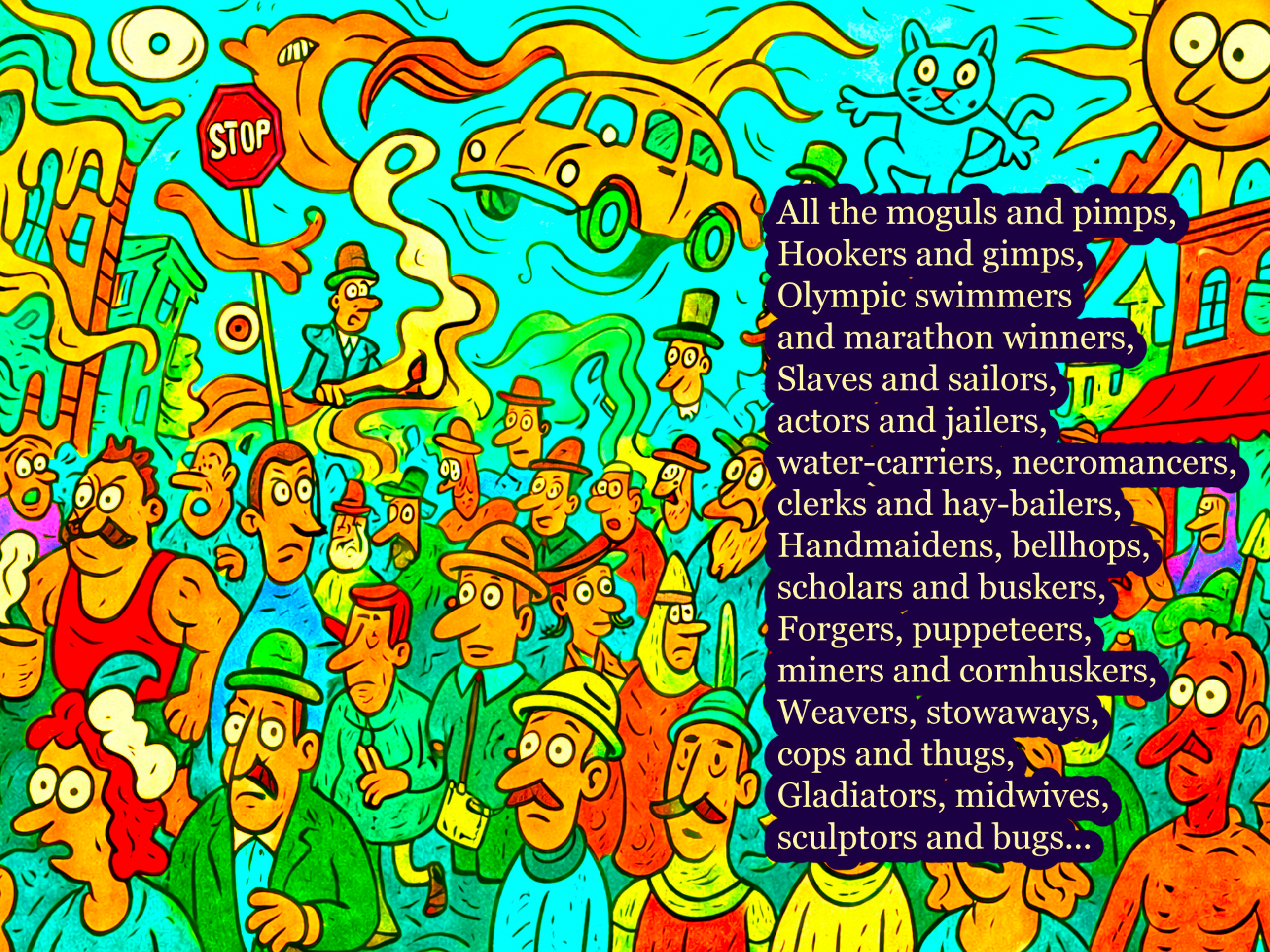
HELL NO!
That's not for you!

Somehow you'll escape
all that hunger and wanting,
And you'll enter the realm
Of eternal spawning.

With diamond-like craft many truths you'll unwind,
Shedding your ego like a fruit sheds its rind.
Knowing all things that there is to know,
Really, because you're that kind of fellow!



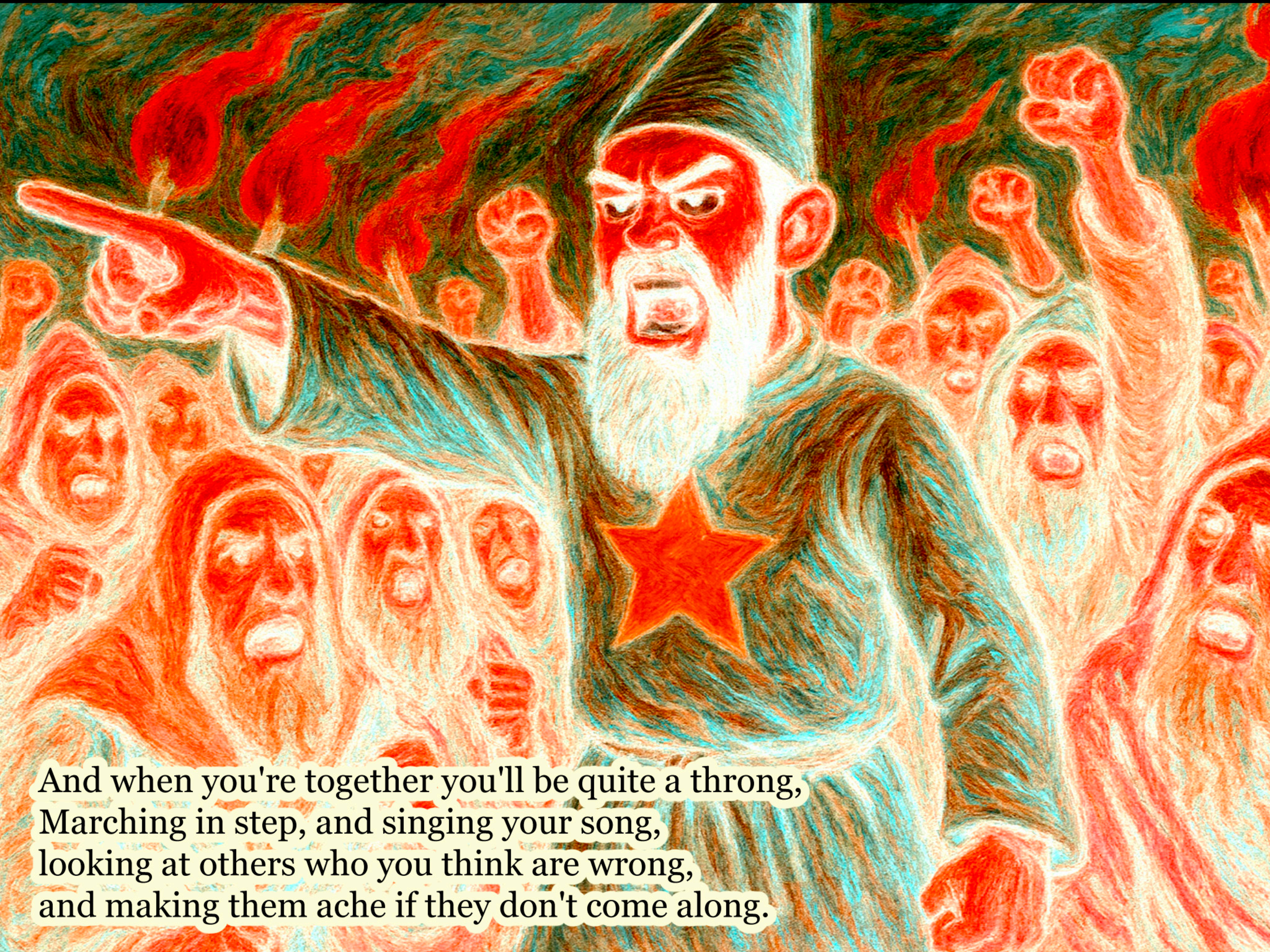
Oh, the people you'll be! Oh, the faces you'll wear!
Winning points for style, catching looks for flair.

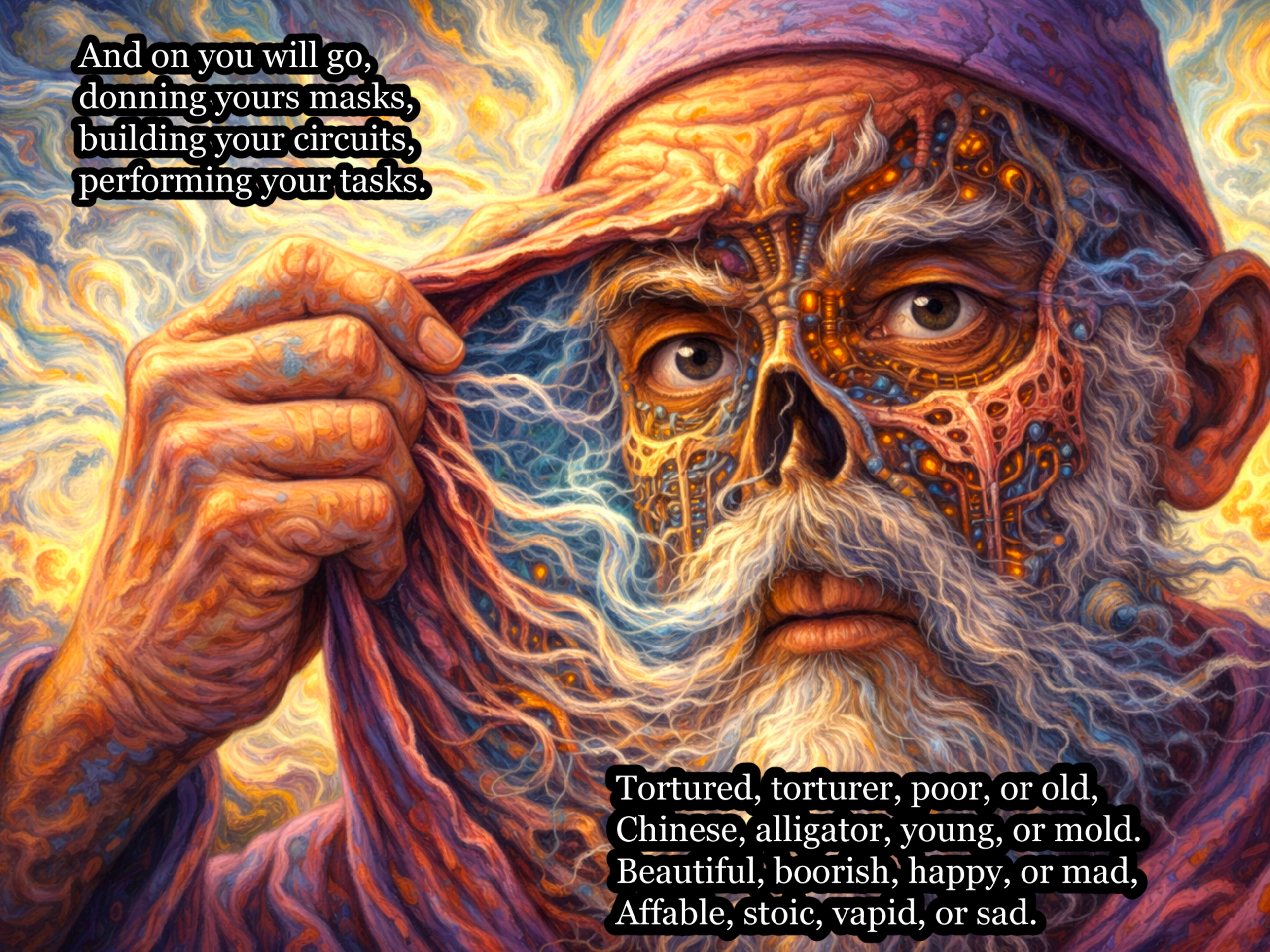

STOP
All the moguls and pimps,
Hookers and gimps,
Olympic swimmers
and marathon winners,
Slaves and sailors,
actors and jailers,
water-carriers, necromancers,
clerks and hay-bailers,
Handmaidens, bellhops,
scholars and buskers,
Forgers, puppeteers,
miners and cornhuskers,
Weavers, stowaways,
cops and thugs,
Gladiators, midwives,
sculptors and bugs...

Yes,
there's no way to sugarcoat it.

Every size and shape and manner of bug.
Billions and billions of legs will you lug!
Mountains and mountains of bugs.
Just shitloads of bugs.
Trillions and trillions of bugs.
You must really like bugs!
So many fucking bugs!

And sometimes you'll find
some cool ways to explain
The mystery of life
and the root of your pain.
You'll build a vast system
that lives like a maze,
And steer many others
in similar ways.


And when you're together you'll be quite a throng,
Marching in step, and singing your song,
looking at others who you think are wrong,
and making them ache if they don't come along.


And on you will go,
donning yours masks,
building your circuits,
performing your tasks.
Tortured, torturer, poor, or old,
Chinese, alligator, young, or mold.
Beautiful, boorish, happy, or mad,
Affable, stoic, vapid, or sad.

You will be stars.
You will be preservatives
in candy bars.

On and on you will go,
On and on you will flow,
Always changing your state,
Like water and snow.

You'll sometimes remember
Who you had once been,
But mostly you'll stumble
And struggle to win,
Forgetting the game
That you've chosen to play,
and thinking that others
are blocking your way,
and hoping that one day
You'll make them all pay.

And will you die again?
Haha, yes! You bet your skin!
(One thousand
and one percent
certain.)

DEATH COMES FOR ALL!

So...
Whether you're name's
Abdul Alhazred
Or Mr. Ed
Or Helen Keller
Or Uri Geller
Or Alan Turing
Or Hermann Göring
Or Charles Darwin
Or Steve Irwin
Or Narcissus
Or Ulysses
Or Rosa Parks
Or Groucho Marx
Or Aesop
Or Robocop
Or Ty Cobb
Or just Bob...
You are now a you!
And one day you'll change
right out of the blue.
So...

GO START A NEW YOU!

Oh, the People You'll Be!
by Adam ("not the Mythbusters guy") Savage
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